

Country Side

Clay Walker

Got some hometown dust on our boots
Got a long line of raising hell in our roots
We ride around on diesel smoke
Living kinda high, living kinda slow
Way out here

Out on the country side
Way past them red lights
We live for them pay days and we live for them nights
Out on them dirt roads
Kick back with something cold
You can bet we're with a girl that likes to take a ride
Out on the country side

We were raised up to do what we do
It's a piece of Heaven we're holding on to
We might talk with a little twang
But you can bet we don't miss a thang
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